

GEO. M. BAKER'S
NEW PLAYS.

NEVADA, or The Lost Mine. 3 Acts. Price 25 cts.
PAST REDEMPTION. 4 Acts. Price 25 cts.
COMRADES. 3 Acts. Price 25 cts.
TITANIA. A Fairy Play for Children. 2 Acts. Price 25 cts.
OUR FOLKS. 3 Acts. Price 15 cts.
REBECCA'S TRIUMPH. For female characters only.
Other New Plays. [Price 25 cts.]

SANTA CLAUS THE FIRST. A Christmas Play for Children By F. E. Chase. Price 25c.
POISON. As played by the "HASTY PUDDING CLUB" of Harvard College.

PS 635
.29 W76
Copy 1

THE
GLOBE
DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S
ON A STAGE

A Bachelor's Christmas.

BOSTON:
GEORGE M. BAKER & CO.,
No. 47 Franklin Street.

Spencer's Universal Stage.

A Collection of *COMEDIES, DRAMAS, and FARCES*, adapted to either Public or Private Performance. Containing a full description of all the necessary Stage Business.

PRICE, 15 CENTS EACH. ~~5~~ No Plays Exchanged.

1. **LOST IN LONDON.** A Drama in 3 Acts. 6 male, 4 female characters.
2. **NICHOLAS FLAM.** A Comedy in 2 Acts. By J. B. Buckstone. 5 male, 3 female char.
3. **THE WELSH GIRL.** A Comedy in 1 Act. By Mrs. Fanchie. 3 male, 2 female char.
4. **JOHN WOPPS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 4 male, 2 female char.
5. **THE TURKISH BATH.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Montagne Williams and F. C. Burnaud. 6 male, 1 female char.
6. **THE TWO PUDDIFOOTS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.
7. **OLD HONESTY.** A Comic Drama in 2 Acts. By J. M. Morton. 5 male, 2 female char.
8. **TWO GENTLEMEN IN A FIX.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 2 male char.
9. **SMASHINGTON GOIT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 5 male, 3 female char.
10. **TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Lenox Horne. 4 male, 1 female char.
11. **JOHN DOBBS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 5 male, 2 female char.
12. **THE DAUGHTER of the REGIMENT.** A Drama in 2 Acts. By Edward Fitzhail. 6 male, 2 female char.
13. **AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.
14. **BROTHER BILL AND ME.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 4 male, 3 female char.
15. **DONE ON BOTH SIDES.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 2 female char.
16. **DUNDUCKETTY'S PICNIC.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 6 male, 3 female char.
17. **I'VE WRITTEN TO BROWNE.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 3 female char.
18. **MY PRECIOUS BETSY.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 4 male, 4 female char.
19. **MY TURN NEXT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 3 female char.
20. **THE PHANTOM BREAKFAST.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Chas. Seiby. 5 male, 2 female char.
21. **DANDELION'S DODGES.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 2 female char.
22. **A SLICE OF LUCK.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 4 male, 2 female char.
23. **ALWAYS INTENDED.** A Comedy in 1 Act. By Horace Wigan. 3 male, 3 female char.
24. **A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP.** A Comedy in 2 Acts. By Charles Matthews. 6 male, 4 female char.
25. **ANOTHER GLASS.** A Drama in 1 Act. By Thomas Morton. 6 male, 3 female char.
26. **BOWLED OUT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By H. T. Craven. 4 male, 3 female char.
27. **COUSIN TOM.** A Commedietta in 1 Act. By Geo. Roberts. 3 male, 2 female char.
28. **SARAH'S YOUNG MAN.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 3 male, 3 female char.
29. **HIT HIM, HE HAS NO FRIENDS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By L. Yates and N. H. Harrington. 7 male, 3 female char.
30. **THE CHRISTENING.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. B. Buckstone. 5 male, 6 female char.
31. **A RACE FOR A WIDOW.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 5 male, 4 female char.
32. **YOUR LIFE'S IN DANGER.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.
33. **TRUE UNTO DEATH.** A Drama in 2 Acts. By J. Sheridan Knowles. 6 male, 2 female char.
34. **DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.** An Interlude in 1 Act. By W. H. Murray. 10 male, 1 female char.
35. **LOOK AFTER BROWN.** A Farce in 1 Act. By George A. Stuart, M. D. 6 male, 1 female char.
36. **MONSEIGNEUR.** A Drama in 3 Acts. By Thomas Archer. 15 male, 3 female char.
37. **A VERY PLEASANT EVENING.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 3 male char.
38. **BROTHER BEN.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.
39. **ONLY A CLOD.** A Comic Drama in 1 Act. By J. P. Simpson. 4 male, 1 female char.
40. **GASPARD THE GONDOLIER.** A Drama in 3 Acts. By George Almar. 10 male, 2 female char.
41. **SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUDS.** A Drama in 1 Act. By Shingsby Lawrence. 3 male, 3 female char.
42. **DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 2 female char.
43. **NURSEY CHICKWEED.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 2 female char.
44. **MARY MOO; or, Which shall I Marry?** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 2 male, 1 female char.
45. **EAST LYNN.** A Drama in 5 Acts. 8 male, 7 female char.
46. **THE HIDDEN HAND.** A Drama in 5 Acts. By Robert Jones. 16 male, 7 female char.
47. **SILVERSTONE'S WAGER.** A Commedietta in 1 Act. By R. R. Andrews. 4 male, 3 female char.
48. **DORA.** A Pastoral Drama in 3 Acts. By Chas. Reade. 5 male, 2 female char.
49. **THE WIFE'S SECRET.** A Play in 5 Acts. By Geo. W. Love. 10 male, 2 female char.
50. **THE BABES IN THE WOOD.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. By Tom Taylor. 10 male, 3 female char.
51. **PUPKINS, Heir to Castles in the Air.** A Comic Drama in 1 Act. By W. R. Emerson. 2 male, 2 female char.
52. **AN UGLY CUSTOMER.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Thomas J. Williams. 3 male, 2 female char.
53. **BLUE AND CHERRY.** A Comedy in 1 Act. 3 male, 2 female char.
54. **A DOUBTFUL VICTORY.** A Comedy in 1 Act. 3 male, 2 female char.
55. **THE SCARLET LETTER.** A Drama in 3 Acts. 8 male, 7 female char.
56. **WHICH WILL HAVE HIM?** A Vaudeville. 1 male, 2 female char.
57. **MADAM IS ABED.** A Vaudeville in 1 Act. 2 male, 2 female char.
58. **THE ANONYMOUS KISS.** A Vaudeville. 2 male, 2 female char.
59. **THE CLEFT STICK.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. 5 male, 3 female char.
60. **A SOLDIER, A SAILOR, A TINKER, AND A TAILOR.** A Farce in 1 Act. 4 male, 2 female char.
61. **GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME.** A Farce. 2 male, 2 female char.
62. **DAMON AND PYTHIAS.** A Farce. 6 male, 4 female char.
63. **A HUSBAND TO ORDER.** A Serio-comic Drama in 2 Acts. 5 male, 3 female char.
64. **PAYABLE ON DEMAND.** A Domestic Drama in 2 Acts. 7 male, 1 female char.

Descriptive Catalogue mailed free on application to

Geo. M. Baser & Co., 47 Franklin St., Boston.

THE
BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS

A CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

BY

E. C. W.

AUTHOR OF "SANTA CLAUS AT HOME"

BOSTON

GEORGE M. BAKER & COMPANY

REMARKS.

THIS little play is written for the use of persons wishing at Christmas some very simple entertainment which a few can execute, and which will be short, easy of performance, and inexpensive. Do not be afraid to select and trust quite young children to do their parts. The author has had much experience with young children, and they always more than fulfil expectations. Work easily and quietly with them, and do not rehearse them too much. Instruct them to speak clearly, loudly, and slowly. Never, no matter if the speech be of but one word, let them hurry; and always make a good opportunity for their little speeches, and give them *time* enough to have full effect. A child young enough to sit in a high-chair, and be given a rattle and other playthings, will add very much to the picturesqueness of the piece, and will give good opportunity for grouping and occupying the other children. The child may be called "baby," even if quite old, if it is somewhat small.

COPYRIGHT, 1884,

By GEORGE M. BAKER.

All rights reserved.

THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. ROBERT CHESTER. — A wealthy, hot-tempered, but kind-hearted bachelor.

MRS. WILTON. — A poor widow with a family of small children. She proves to be Mr. Chester's sister.

HARRY. — Mrs. Wilton's oldest child.

REX, DAISY, DOTTY, and BABY. — Her other children.
A serving-boy.

HARRIET. — A maid.

COSTUMES.

MR. CHESTER always as comfortably and stylishly dressed as is possible.

MRS. WILTON and the children very poorly, with clothing neat but patched, until the last scene, when they must be gotten up to look as pretty and stylish as possible.

Time, less than an hour.

PROLOGUE.

(*Before the curtain. Enter DAISY and DOTTY: trip to the middle of stage.*)

DOTTY.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas to you all!
Merry Christmas, fathers, mothers;
Merry Christmas, sisters, brothers;
To big folks and to small.

DAISY.

We can wish it, *you* must make it.
In the *heart* the merry grows:
From the heart the face must take it,
Till with Christmas joy it glows.

DAISY and DOTTY.

So Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas to you all!
Merry Christmas, fathers, mothers;
Merry Christmas, sisters, brothers;
To big folks and to small.

A BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS.

SCENE I.

Street. Two days before Christmas. Enter MR. CHESTER. He is muffled up very warm and comfortable looking.

MR. CHESTER (*searching for something on the ground*).
Fool! Idiot! To lose a pocket-book at my age! I must be getting into my dotage. Br-r-r! How cold it is! A curse on the malicious fates! I shall never see that money and those valuable papers again. You can stake your — (*Stops suddenly on looking up, and seeing HARRY watching him. HARRY's clothes are patched; he has no overcoat; a tippet around his neck. He has his hands in pockets, and keeps his feet in motion to keep them warm.*) Hullo, youngster! What are you spying after, I should like to know? Haven't you any thing better to do than to stand around poking fun at your betters?

HARRY. I'm not poking fun, sir.

MR. C. Well, just let me know why you constitute yourself a spy on gentlemen's movements. Hey! Get out of my way, I say, young impudence (*lifts his*

cane threateningly at him. HARRY *dodges*). What do you want around here, anyway?

HARRY. I thought you seemed to be looking for something, sir.

MR. C. Well, and if I was looking for something? Isn't that my privilege, sir? Be off, I say! (*Suddenly changing tone, as an idea strikes him.*) I say, little boy, you haven't found any thing, have you?

HARRY. Yes, sir: I found a pocket-book with a lot of money in it.

MR. C. (*irritably*). Well, now you talk business. (*Angrily.*) But why don't you give it to me, and not stand gaping there? I suppose you want to chaffer about the reward. Hand it over, I say! (*Strikes the ground angrily with his cane.*) Hand it over. You need have no fears. I shall pay you handsomely.

HARRY. But mother said I was to be sure it was the right man, 'cause there's ever so much money in it.

MR. C. True. Your mother is right. Of course, of course. But I *am* the right man, you see: so you may give it to me.

HARRY. But mother said I must ask the man his name; for there's a whole bunch of his cards in it.

MR. C. Why, of course! What a dolt I am! I'm acting like the impatient idiot that I am, and the boy keeps his temper like a gentleman. (*Bending down pleasantly to HARRY.*) My name is Robert Chester. Now, is that the name in the pocket-book?

HARRY. Yes, sir; that is the name.

MR. C. Well, then, now you will give me the pocket-book, won't you, like a nice little boy?

HARRY. But I haven't got it.

MR. C. Fury and lightning! Haven't got it! Then where in — Ah-ahem (*bending pleasantly down to the boy again*). Where is it, then, my little man?

HARRY. Mother's got it. She says I'm too little to carry around such a lot of money. I'll go right home and get it. (*He starts to go.*)

MR. C. That's true, of course. Your mother is right again. Here, wait. I'll give you my card, so your business-like mother will be satisfied (*puts his hand in overcoat-pocket for his pocket-book, then suddenly recollecting*). Oh, I forget! my cards are in my con— Ah, in my lost pocket-book, you know, of course. Here (*he finds a scrap of paper in one of his pockets, writes his name on it, and gives it to HARRY*). There, that will do. How far do you live?

HARRY. Just around the corner. I'll be back in two jiffies. (*He runs off.*)

MR. C. (*solo*). Now, I wonder how long the chap will be gone. I haven't half-a-dozen wits about me, or I should have gone with him. Br-r-r! How cold it is! Ah, here comes the boy! He's spry, that's a fact. One *must* be, this weather, or freeze. (*Enter HARRY, out of breath.*) See here, youngster, are you crazy? Don't you know it's cold weather?

HARRY (*staring in surprise*). Sir!

MR. C. I say, it's a stinger of a day. Why don't you wear your overcoat?

HARRY. I haven't any overcoat. I've got this big tippet, though.

MR. C. Nonsense! Now, what a reasonable yarn

that is! Haven't any overcoat, such weather as this! That's likely, *that* is. Why doesn't your stupid father get you one?

HARRY (*a little proudly*). I haven't any father, and my father *wasn't* stupid.

MR. C. I beg your pardon. Of course he wasn't. (*Aside.*) I'm the stupid one. No father at all! that's shocking really, and such a baby too! (*To boy.*) But aren't you cold, you know?

HARRY. A little bit, sometimes; but when I'm big I'll earn me an overcoat.

MR. C. (*aside*). Hear him, now! D'ye s'pose he's too *poor* to have a coat? On honor, I've heard them *tell* of such things; but no, it's absurd, it can't be. Not to have an overcoat, such weather as *this*! (*To boy.*) Well, little boy, did you bring my pocket-book? If you did, I'm thinking you've earned yourself an overcoat without waiting till you're big.

HARRY. Mother says she is sorry to trouble you, sir; but I'm not very big, and, as it's only a step, she would feel safer if she gave it to you herself.

MR. C. Bah! another delay. I was a fool not to go with you in the first place. After all, she is right. Come along, my man. (*Exeunt MR. CHESTER and HARRY.*)

SCENE II.

MRS. WILTON'S home. *Very poor and desolate looking. The pocket-book lies half-open on a pine table. The children, excepting HARRY, gathered around the table, intent upon the pocket-book. MRS. WILTON aside, holding in her hand the piece of paper HARRY brought from Mr. CHESTER.*

REX. Oh my buttons! Just look, Daisy! See the piles of money. My eyes! I wish it was ours. We'd have the big turkey that's hanging up down to Smith's for Christmas dinner, wouldn't we though? 'n' cran-b'ries, 'n' nuts, 'n' all the fixings. *(They peep at it excitedly, but do not touch it.)*

MRS. W. *(apart, looking at the paper in her hands).* Robert Chester! my own brother. And this was written by his own hand! What will he be like? *(Greatly agitated.)* Will he know me? No, no, he will not know me. Twelve long years of poverty have changed me so! How I tremble at thought of meeting him again!

DAISY *(going to her mother).* Mamma, would you know how to cook a great big turkey?

REX. 'Cause if you would, mamma, keep the money, 'n' we can buy the one hanging up down to Smith's, 'n' have some more coal, 'n' be warm. Keep it, mother: I would. Harry found it, 'n' I think it's ours.

MRS. W. Hush, dears: you do not know what you are saying. The money isn't ours. Hark! they are

coming. (*Aside.*) Heaven help me! I tremble like a leaf.

(*Steps outside. HARRY rushes in, runs up to his mother, and speaks hastily.*)

HARRY. He's cross as a bear, mother, but don't you be afraid. He's all right. (*Rushes back, shows in MR. CHESTER.*) Mamma, this is Mr. Chester. He's the man who lost the pocket-book.

MR. C. (*very much embarrassed*). Your son, madam, ahem — your boy here — ahem! (*He looks in wonder around the room.*) You don't mean to say, madam, that you live here!

MRS. W. Yes, sir: this is our home. (*Aside.*) He doesn't know me! It is cruel — cruel!

MR. C. But really, madam (*still looking around*), ahem — I beg your pardon, it's none of my affairs, you know; but — ah — well, ahem — ah — What I mean is, you know, I shouldn't think you'd like it.

MRS. W. (*aside*). Poor Robert! He's no idea of poverty. How should he have? He has always lived in luxury. (*To MR. CHESTER.*) It's the best I can do for them, sir. My family is large, and I have no husband and no money.

MR. C. Hm! Really! Possible! I'd no idea, you know, it was so bad. We give a good deal of money to 'em for the poor; really we do indeed, madam, and you ought to have some of it. Of course you ought. Hm! (*Excited.*) It's shocking you haven't. It is really, you know.

MRS. W. (*aside*). My own brother, and he *will* not know me. And *he* has changed too. It seems impossible that this is my bright brother Bob.

MR. C. And your boy found my pocket-book. I am the right man, madam. Indeed, you may believe me.

MRS. W. (*giving him the pocket-book*). Certainly I believe you, and I am very glad my son was able to do you the service.

MR. C. Yes, yes. And what shall I—you know what I mean—ah—What's the right thing to pay him for his honesty, you know? How much do you want?

MRS. W. (*proudly*). We want *no* pay, sir, for being honest. Honesty is its own reward.

MR. C. (*nervously*). Why, yes, of course, madam; of course, without doubt. That's a very sublime sentiment,—very, and I approve of it perfectly, perfectly, madam; (*turning to HARRY*) but look here, young man, you know, set your own price, and you needn't be at all bashful.

HARRY. Mother is right. I will not be paid for being honest.

MR. C. (*striking his cane angrily on the floor*). Confusion to your fine sentiments! You little simpleton, I say you *shall* be paid. Gods and heroes! Do you think you're to do me a service like that, and not be paid for it? (*The children start back when he strikes his cane, the smallest one clinging to its mother.*)

DAISY (*coming forward in front of MR. CHESTER, and stamping her little foot vigorously, and looking up in his face*). Harry isn't a simpleton, and you're a naughty, bad man. Harry sha'n't take whatever he don't want to—*so now!* (*Stamps again.*)

MR. C. (*frowning down at DAISY a moment, then upon all the rest, suddenly bursts into a laugh*). Ha, ha, ha! You pretty baby! What do *you* know about it, — *you*? See here, baby, wouldn't you like a lot of money? now say, *wouldn't* you?

DAISY. 'Nuff to buy the big turkey hanging up down to Smif's?

DOTTY. 'N' some candy dogs 'n' horses?

REX. 'N' me a big tippet like Harry's?

MR. C. That's it exactly, my cherubs: you've hit it plum. And your little fool of a brother won't take the money. Now, what do you say to that?

DAISY (*stamping again*). Harry *isn't* a fool-verbrover, and if Harry doesn't want us to have 'em we don't want 'em. (*Wags her head at him defiantly, and goes to HARRY*.) Won't you let the man give us some money? *Please* do, Harry dear, and we'll have a nice big fire, and be warm. It's cold.

MR. C. (*winces as he looks at the fire*). Shades! It's only the ghost of a fire.

DOTTY. An' we'll be rich, Hally.

REX. *Do*, Hal. Let him. We need the money more'n he does.

HARRY (*to Mr. CHESTER*). When I found your pocket-book, sir, I was going over to do some errands for Smith. He was going to give me half a dollar. I lost the job waiting round for you. You could pay me the half-dollar, if you please, sir, — just for my time, you see.

MR. C. Ha, ha! You are a regular little business man, *you* are. Really, I like that, after all. And

what were you going to do with your half-dollar, pray?

HARRY. Mother and I were going to get some little presents to put in the children's stockings.

MR. C. (*very much amused*). The children's stockings! That goes ahead of every thing yet. And aren't you one of the children yourself, pray?

HARRY. Oh, yes! but I'm the big one, you know; and — and father told me to help mother take care of the littler ones.

MR. C. (*aside, very much affected*). And what could you buy for the little ones, my man, with your fifty cents?

HARRY (*brightly*). Oh, lots of things! A tippet for Rex; and there's lots of cunning little things for the girls at Carter's, for only five cents apiece; and then some candy, (*hastening to explain*) just the very least bit, you know, sir, to tuck way, way down in the toes.

MR. C. Well, my boy, here's your fifty cents (*giving him a silver half-dollar*); and you've earned it, my boy, indeed you have (*brushes his eyes excitedly*). You are a good boy, a *very* good boy. (*Turning to Mrs. WILTON; the children all examine HARRY's half-dollar.*) Madam, you ought to be proud of your son: he's a man, every inch of him. I'm a cross, crusty old back; but I've got half an eye, and I can see they are fine children, all of 'em. And now, madam, be kind enough to take this money (*lays a bill on the table*), and buy them some nice Christmas presents. (*Mrs. W. makes a motion of refusing.*) No, no, my dear madam!

it is not to pay your honesty ; no, indeed (*pompously*), certainly not. It would be absurd, it would be an insult, to offer anybody pay for being honest, — ahem (*embarrassed*), ah—ah—of course it would. I agree with you. It's only a Christmas present to your good little children ; just exactly, madam, just exactly as I would give Christmas presents to my little nephews any nieces if I had any. Yes — ah — that's it ; I agree with you perfectly, you know.

Mrs. W. (*aside*). Oh, it is cruel ! Why *will* he not know they *are* his nephews and nieces ? I will tell him. (*Starts to attract his attention, but her courage fails.*) No, no, I cannot : I have not the courage. It is enough just to have seen his dear face : I will be satisfied.

Mr. C. Good-day, madam. (*To HARRY.*) Good-day, my fine boy. Good-day, all of you. A — a — merry Christmas ; yes, merry Christmas, that's the way they say it, and I trust you'll have it. You'll hear from me again, madam ; yes indeed, of course. I wouldn't let it end there. Good-day. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. W. My brother ! my brother Bob, and he is gone, actually gone ! It is too cruel ! I cannot bear it. I was wrong, I was wrong ! I should have told him. He is hasty, but he is not hard-hearted. He would have taken care of my little ones ; and now he is gone, and I know not where. (*Buries face in her pocket-handkerchief. The children gather, some about baby, some about HARRY and his money.*)

(*Curtain.*)

SCENE III.

MR. CHESTER'S room in hotel. Enter MR. CHESTER in his costume of Scene I. and II.

MR. C. (*throws his gloves on the table with an emphatic gesture*). Really, I wouldn't have believed it. It doesn't seem possible, such poverty as that. Right under our very eyes, too! Well (*proudly*), I've always given them all the money they've asked me for, for charitable purposes,—every cent. I've never been grudging. It's a comfortable reflection, that is,—a very comfortable reflection. (*Hangs his overcoat on the nail while talking, then takes off his boots, and puts on slippers. He takes off his inside coat, and in an absent-minded way throws it into the corner of the room, and tries to hang his boots on the nail.*) Well, really! What an old dotard I'm getting to be! Here I am hanging up my boots, and throwing my coat in the corner. (*He puts them right.*) Strange I cannot get these people out of my mind! I didn't believe I had such a thing as a heart. I thought it was dried and withered all to nothing. And here I find I have one, and it is stirred through and through. Bah! I'm getting weak and feminine. I sent them the turkey. I'll send them fifty or a hundred dollars, and forget all about them. Really, it's absurd to allow myself to be so weak. (*Rings the bell, and, picking up a paper, seats himself to read. Enter boy. He takes no notice. Boy waits respectfully. Looks up.*) Dolt! Don't you see

those boots? Well, and haven't you eyes to see that they need blacking? (*Exit boy with boots.*) My mind reverts continually to Mary. My pretty sister Mary! Perhaps she is alone in the world like this woman, — alone and poor, with half a dozen children to care for. God forgive me! I was a beast to turn her away because she married a poor man, — I (*blubbing*), I who was all she had after father and mother died. What a beast I was! I'm a criminal. I'll give myself to the authorities to be hung. (*Blows his nose, and paces the stage excitedly.*) What weakness and folly is this! (*Fiercely.*) It was her own fault. What *right* had she to marry a man without a cent in his pocket? I gave her her choice. — her own brother, or poverty. She chose the poverty, — she freely and deliberately chose the poverty. It is her own fault — not mine. (*Seuts himself savagely in a chair, and tries to read. A few notes of piano in an adjoining apartment are heard, then a voice sings, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," etc. Throws paper angrily down. Singing continues.*) Thrum, thrum, thrum! They are at that eternal rehearsal again. I suppose they will keep that up till after Christmas (*pacing excitedly up and down the stage*). No one ought to be allowed to disturb people's peace in this fashion. If they must keep up such a racket, they ought to be made to get off by themselves. (*Sits down, and gradually begins to listen. Song stops. A few lingering notes on the piano.*) "Peace on earth, good-will to men!" I know I shall never know peace on earth again till I find my sister Mary, and find her I will. (*Gets up excited again,*

pounds the table with his fist.) When Robert Chester says he will do a thing, it is done; and before Heaven I say I will find her! Marry a poor man, indeed! Why should she not marry a poor man if she chooses? I admire her pluck for doing it. Wouldn't I marry a poor woman if it pleased my will? Bast! (*Soberly and with great feeling.*) But poor Mary! Perhaps she is like this woman—who knows? How do I know her husband is still living? Twelve years! He's had time enough to die a dozen times. But (*vehemently pounding the table with his fist*) I say I will find Mary. I'll—I'll—I'll be her slave. (*Blubbers. Enter boy.*)

Boy. Did you call me?

MR. C. (*angrily*). Did I ring?

Boy. You pounded, sir.

MR. C. (*fiercely*). Well, hasn't a man the privilege in this hotel of pounding without being called to task for it? Go! (*Exit boy.*) But how to find my poor Mary? I have it! I'll advertise. (*Picks up piece of paper, takes pencil from pocket, and writes "Lost."*) Lost, lost! No, that won't do (*crosses it, and writes again*). Strayed, *strayed!* I should say she was a cow (*crosses it out*). I'm an idiot. I'll employ a detective. No, that's worse yet. I should hope she isn't a thief or a murderer. (*Throws down pencil, scowls, and thinks a moment. Suddenly starts up in great excitement, and rushes up and down the stage.*) Knowing! Fool! Idiot! No wonder the voice thrilled me! No wonder my dead heart came to life again! It's Mary. It's Mary herself! Heaven forgive me! Have I let her come to this? I did not know; I—I

—how should I, — how *should* I know it was so bad? But no, no, it isn't Mary. It can't be! Mary was rosy and plump and beautiful; and this woman — But twelve years! Twelve years of *such* living! No wonder she is changed! (*Flies around excitedly.*) But I'll get her — I'll get her and her children this instant. (*Looks for his boots, and rings bell.*) Strange she did not know me, — very strange! (*Blubbers.*) And I'll be a father to her children. I'll — (*Enter boy.*) You scoun — (*Aside.*) Wait! If I'm to be a father to Mary's babies, I must stop that sort of thing. (*Aloud to boy.*) I say, will you please be kind enough to bring me my boots? and (*fiercely*) mind you are not half an hour about it either. (*Exit boy.*) This Christmas will find me a changed man. (*Puts on his overcoat energetically.*) What a wretch I've been! What a blind-eyed, crusty old cosseter of myself I've been! But it's ended. I — (*Enter boy; he puts down boots, looks shyly at Mr. CHESTER, and exit. Mr. CHESTER sits down, and tries to put on his boots.*) I'm an old — old — I never knew before a man couldn't put on his boots with his overcoat on. (*Throws off overcoat, puts on boots very rapidly, draws on mittens, puts on hat, and picks up cane.*) I always thought Christmas was a regular bore, but I believe I'm getting on a thorough Christmas spirit myself. (*Cutely to audience.*) Send 'em fifty or a hundred dollars, and forget them! ha, ha! I made a joke that time, didn't I? Ha, ha! (*Exit smartly.*)

SCENE IV.

MRS. WILTON'S home. *A big turkey lying on the table.*

The children gathered around the turkey in delight.

MRS. WILTON *sitting thoughtfully apart.*

HARRY (*pulling the turkey by one leg, the better to examine it*). It is, it's the big turkey that was hanging up at Smith's. I know him sure: I've looked at him so *many* times, wishing we could have him.

DAISY. And now we've got him!

REX. Who do you s'pose sent him?

DAISY. That man, *of course.*

HARRY. Oh! but he's a fat fellow. My eyes! I wish he was baked.

MRS. W. (*aside*). He's a kind man if he *is* gruff. I wish I had had the courage to tell him I am his sister. He is rich. Perhaps he would have taken care of us. Oh, my poor husband, my poor dear husband! (*Puts her head on the table, with her face in her handkerchief. The children go toward her.*)

DAISY. Mamma, dear mamma, what is it? Please tell us. Aren't you glad we've got a turkey, and lots of money? Don't, mamma dear, don't cry. We were so poor yesterday, and now we are rich.

REX. Say, mamma, *are* we rich now? and what makes you cry?

HARRY. I know. She is thinking of papa. I've been thinking of him too. But mamma (*anxiously*) it'll be Christmas in two days, you know; and oughtn't

we to make it as merry as we can, — just for the children?

MRS. W. Just for the children! You dear, brave, tiny little man! How would mamma ever get on without *you*? (*Takes HARRY's face between her hands, and kisses it.*) Yes, we *will* make it merry. You must all hang up your stockings to-morrow night, and I don't believe Santa Claus will forget you. To-morrow afternoon you will be good children, and take care of the house; and I will go down town, and spend (*holds up finger merrily at them*) — *you* know what! (*Children dance, and clap their hands.*) And it will all be secret; and you must shut your eyes when I come home, and not ask any questions. And then Christmas morning! ah, won't our eyes shine! You'll see! (*Children dance, and clap hands.*)

HARRY. I ought to go with you to carry the bundles, mamma. (*A knock, and MR. CHESTER enters. MRS. WILTON starts.*)

MR. C. (*looking very stern*). Well! (*He looks around the room. Aside.*) How shall I begin? It's very embarrassing. (*He scowls.*) Well!

MRS. W. (*aside*). How he scowls, and how stern he looks! Oh, he suspects, and he is angry! Now Heaven help us!

DAISY (*stepping in front of him, and looking up in his face*). Was it you 't sent it?

MR. C. (*taking no notice*). Bad enough! bad enough! I can hardly believe my senses. (*Aside.*) Yes, it is my sister, my beautiful blooming sister Mary. (*Aloud.*) And you say you have no father?

Mrs. W. No, they have no father. Their father died nearly a year ago.

Mr. C. (*suddenly and in a commanding tone, rapping his cane on the floor*). But I say they *have* a father. (*Pauses grandly. The children seem a little frightened.*) I say they *have* a father. Now and in the future I am their father so long as I live. (*Pauses again in an impressive manner.*)

DAISY (*stepping forward, stamping her foot, and looking up in his face*). You're *not* our papa. You sha'n't be our papa. Our papa wasn't cross. He was kind and good, — *ever* so kind and good. (*Steps back, wagging her head defiantly.*)

Mr. C. (*frowning down at DAISY, then around at the rest. He breaks down stammering and blubbing*). Mary, Mary, my sister, don't you know me? don't you know your brother Bob? (*Blows his nose, and is very much excited. Mrs. WILTON buries her face in her handkerchief, and sobs.*)

REX (*fiercely, stepping toward him belligerently*). You go away! You are a naughty, bad man, 'n' you make my mother cry.

HARRY. And take your turkey, and all your money.

DAISY (*going in front of him, and stamping*). Go away!

DOTTY (*going in front of him, and stamping*). Quick, *orfe* quick!

Mr. C. (*dreadfully perplexed*). See here, Mary, your children are afraid of me. Tell 'em, tell 'em, Mary: I can't. Tell 'em I'm their father. — See here now, children, you know, I'm not cross. Really, now,

little dears, I'm not. I'm the kindest man in this city; I am now, really, only — why, you see, I don't know how to show it. (*Suddenly winks to audience triumphantly. Aside.*) I have it! (*Sits down, and ogles to the children, and beckons to them.*) Come here now, little dears, and I'll tell you a story, — a true one! Come now.

DORRY (*coming over to him*). And won't you hurt us — truly?

MR. C. No, indeed. (*Puts her on his knee.*) There, I like that! You shall be my especial pet. Now (*to DAISY*), you come too, little pussy. (*Makes a noise as if calling a cat.*)

DORRY (*putting her hand on his cheek, and pulling his face toward hers*). Daisy isn't a kitty.

MR. C. (*feigning the greatest surprise*). No indeed! There, now I have you. (*The boys draw nearer.*) Now for the story. (*Very pompously, and as though it were an astonishing statement.*) Once I was a little boy no bigger than you!

REX. O' course.

DAISY. All big folks was little folks like us once, wasn't they?

MR. C. (*puzzled and aside*). What shall I say next? How shall I tell 'em? I won't tell 'em at all: they'll hate me. I'll patch it up somehow. (*Aloud to the children.*) And I had a little sister, — a dear, beautiful (*blubbers, and takes out handkerchief*), beautiful little sister. It was your own mother, children, — your own mother, my beautiful, rosy little sister was. Mary (*turning to her*), Mary, come here, and tell them it is true.

MRS. W. (*rises, and stands beside MR. CHESTER with her arm over his shoulder*). Yes, my darlings, it is my own dear brother Robert; and thank God he is come!

MR. C. (*using his handkerchief freely*). And, children, it's a big world — and — and — and I lost her. And now I've found her, and I shall never lose her again. (*Gets up, and very clumsily puts his arms around her, and kisses her.*) No indeed, I will never lose her again, before Heaven I swear it! (*To the children, in his ogling tone again.*) And now, little darlings, will you let me be your father?

DOTTY. If you'll be good.

DAISY. And if mamma says so.

MR. C. *If and if!* It seems, then, I may get the mitten yet. Hey, little folks, I have a fat pocket-book, you know; and you won't have to wish for things any more and not have them — ha, ha! How will you like that?

REX. And shall we drive a span, and have lots of servants, and live in a castle?

MR. C. Hi! (*very proudly and grandly*) my son, you get on fast.

DAISY. Like kings and queens in fairy stories? (*Claps her hands.*) Oh, I shall love that!

MR. C. (*proudly again*). Tut, tut, my little daughter! Your expectations tally with your brother's, don't they?

MRS. W. (*smiling*). No, no, dears, not that. Your uncle means plenty of food, and warm clothing to keep you warm, and — and — a happy, comfortable home.

MR. C. (*looking grandly around on the company*).

Am I, then, at last the accepted head of this house, and father of these children?

REX (*running to him, and taking his hand*). Oh, you good, good, new papa!

DAISY (*she and DOTTY clinging to his other hand; baby with mamma*). I'll be good always, *always*, and mind you; and I *know* I'll like to be rich.

MR. C. Tut, tut!

DOTTY. An' me too.

HARRY (*throwing his arms around his mother's neck*). O mother, mother! It's too good.

MR. C. (*raising his finger at HARRY*). And mind, I'm to have no rival. You have no further charge of these little ones. You are to be my (*proudly*) eldest son, and one of the babies.

(*Curtain falls with finger still up.*)

SCENE V.

Handsome parlor of the new home. MRS. WILTON making one or two ribbon bows at the table.

MR. C. (*pacing up and down the stage, rubbing his hands delightedly*). I tell you, Mary, we were lucky to get this all furnished at so short notice. Here it's been standing idle for four months. I believe it was just waiting for us. And to think they made me pay two hundred more for it on account of the children! Ha, ha, ha! Really now, I never knew before, — I really didn't, — that the little rabbits were so much

below par. But just let 'em try to get *mine* (*proudly*) away, — let 'em try it *that* way, and they'll find 'em at rather a heavy premium: eh, Mary?

MRS. W. (*snips off end of ribbon, and throws down work*). Yes, brother, we *were* fortunate in getting the house. And, Robert, you don't know it, but it was very quick work getting the children fitted out as you wished: but I hope you will find them to your liking.

MR. C. I trust so — I trust so. But, Mary my dear, (*pompously*) the nephews and nieces of Robert Chester ought to have every thing that is needful in the way of dress. (*Rings for servant; comes over to his sister's side.*) And to think, Mary (*pulls out his handkerchief*), that my own sister should have been poor and homeless with all her little ones, and I — I — (*blubbers*) I rolling up a great bank account — boo-hoo — all for myself — for one cosseted, crusty, snarly, withered-up old bach. It's shocking, it is really, you know. But I'll be a good father to your children, Mary. Really, I will, Mary. I — (*Knock, and maid enters. Wipes eyes hastily, straightens up majestically, and goes toward the maid.*) Harriet, you understand the children are to be here at seven. And mind you, (*getting excited*) seven doesn't mean quarter of seven nor quarter *past* seven — but *just* seven precisely and exactly. (*Exit maid.*)

MRS. W. Robert, if you wish to be a good father to the children —

MR. C. I know. I know. I go off like a fire-cracker. But (*proudly*) I shall stop it, — I shall stop it for the children's sake. (*Very pompously.*) If I'm

to govern this house and these children, of course I must govern myself. That's it—that's it; and I shall do it, too. (*Knock, and re-enters maid.*)

MAID. If you please, sir, is baby to be brought in with the other children?

MR. C. (*in a fury*). Is baby to be brought in with the other children! And what would you do with baby, pray, if he isn't brought in with the other children? Tell me that, if you please. Would you throw him out of the window? Would you—

MRS. W. (*placing her hand on his arm*). Robert dear—

MR. C. Yes, Mary my dear, there I go again. (*To maid, very politely.*) Harriet, my love, you may bring baby in with the other children, certainly. And, my love, (*very mysteriously*) keep them in the nursery till seven, then bring them here. Prompt at seven, you understand, my love. (*Exit maid, eyeing MR. CHESTER quizzically.*) There, sister Mary, that's a good beginning, you'll own. You mustn't despair of me. You see, my heart is so bursting full of Christmas peace and love and good-will, that it—why, you know what I mean—it will break out in spite of me.

DAISY (*behind scenes*). I won't stay in that old room. I'm going in that pretty room with mamma.

REX (*same*). No, you mustn't. Our new papa said we mustn't.

MRS. W. Robert dear, I think I'll go myself, and look after the children till seven o'clock. Harriet will never be able to control them. (*Exit.*)

MR. C. (*rubbing his hands in delight*). Our new

papa! Now, really, that means me, you know. It does, really. Of *course* Harriet will not be able to control those children. They are bright children, those children of mine are. *Nobody* will be able to control them,—nobody except myself (*with great importance*), and I shall rule them solely by love; solely by love, that's it. Ha, ha, ha! Won't the fellows at the club die with envy when they see me at the head of this house and all these children? Oh, but it will be sport to see them! it will now, really. But (*looking at his watch*) they will be here in a few minutes. This won't do. I must get to work (*picks up a Santa Claus costume lying on sofa*). I made a monkey of myself once to be Santa Claus, but that was when I was young. Bah! After all, I'm not so old *now*; no indeed, I'm a young man yet. How does this thing go anyhow, I wonder? (*Dresses as he talks.*) Now, that is a gay ticket. I wonder if the little rabbits will know me. I rather guess! You can't blind *those* youngsters very easily! (*Puts on wig.*) They *will* be 'cute if they know me now. (*Turns round and round before the glass, and admires himself delightedly.*) Ha! Won't their eyes shine, though! (*Puts a big bag over his back, and hangs a pair of skates, a trumpet, a tin horse, two dolls, and other toys over him.*) There! I'm a festive-looking Santa Claus, at all events. (*Voices outside, "Here, wait for me, Rexie!"*) Here they come, bless 'em! (*Enter DAISY.*)

DAISY (*peeps in, coming far enough to be well seen. At sight of SANTA CLAUS, holds up both hands in amazement, and exclaims*). Oh, my! Oh! (*Rushes off the*

stage screaming very loudly.) Harry, Harry! Rex! All of you! Come quick! It's Santa Claus! Really and truly Santa Claus, right here in our parlor! Where did he go? (*Enter the children. They look all about expectantly.*)

HARRY. Nonsense, Daisy, you little goosie! you're fooling us.

REX. Pooh! Santa Claus *never* comes right out like that.

DAISY. But I saw him! I saw him alive! Right here! With my two eyes! (*Dancing around, and hunting for SANTA.*)

DOT. Course she did! Daisy wouldn't tell a lie. I'll find him.

ALL THE CHILDREN (*spying him*). Oh, there he is! Oh, my! It *is* Santa Claus, as true as you live! (*Clap their hands, and dance up and down during these exclamations.*)

SANTA (*coming out and frisking around*). Well, little folks, a merry Christmas to you all!

ALL. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! How *did* you get here? Oh, but isn't he jolly! (*They clap hands and dance around.*)

DAISY (*going up to him*). Are you the truly, truly Santa Claus? Honest?

HARRY. Of course he is.

REX. You can see that with one eye.

ALL. Oh, my! Isn't it fine! (*Clap hands, and dance around SANTA.*)

HARRY. See those skates! Oh my eyes!

REX. My buttons! and that drum! (*DAISY and*

DOTTY *whisper together, and point to the dolls. Enter mamma with youngest child, if very small, in arms.*)

CHILDREN. O mamma! It's really and truly Santa Claus! (SANTA, *who all this time has been frisking around, and shaking the presents teasingly at the children, begins to take them off. He holds up the skates.*)

SANTA. Now, here's a fine pair of skates! They are just the thing for — for — let me see — for the baby.

CHILDREN. The baby! (*They laugh.*) No, no — no indeed! They'll just fit Harry. (*In the scramble for the skates, DAISY or DOTTY, if big enough, gets the skates, gives them to HARRY, giving him at the same time a hug around the neck.*)

SANTA. And these dolls! (*Rocks them to and fro, singing "By-low-baby."*) I do believe Rex here has his eye on these dolls! (*Laughter again.*)

CHILDREN (*boisterously*). You funny, naughty Santa!

REX. A boy have dolls!

HARRY. You must give Daisy and Dotty the dolls.

DOTTY. Of course. (SANTA *gives dolls to the little girls.*)

SANTA. And here's just the prettiest drum I could find in my toy-shop. Daisy and Dotty will want that too, I suppose. (*Children, laughing boisterously, scramble for the drum, and hang it over REX's neck. They pull the toys from SANTA, he pretending to defend himself. One or two toys like a jumping-jack, a ball, and perhaps a few handfuls of candy, SANTA tosses slyly to the children in the audience. The children on the stage get*

among the toys some bonbons; each snaps one, and puts one of the paper caps on. REX laughingly puts one on baby, and DAISY on her mother. DAISY then steps off, and exclaims with a wag of her head.)
There!

SANTA. There, children! Now, hasn't old Santa treated you handsomely? (*He holds up his finger for them to keep quiet, and pulls from his pocket a gold watch and chain. Goes to mamma, and fastens the chain around her neck very proudly and affectionately.*)
And see what we have for dear, dear mamma!

CHILDREN. Oh! (*Admiringly.*) Oh! You dear, dear old Santa Claus! Oh, you jolly old darling!

SANTA (*takes baby in arms*). And now, my dear, dear little folks, what is the very best of all the Christmas presents Santa Claus has brought you?

CHILDREN. Our new papa! Our beautiful, splendid new papa!

SANTA. And the very, very best Christmas gift he has brought to your new papa is a big, precious family to love and to care for. And so (*coming forward in centre*) God bless us all, and give us every year —

Mrs. W. A merry Christmas and a bright New Year.

REX. And send us Santa loaded down with toys.

HARRY. And fill our hearts with merry Christmas joys.

DAISY. And *we* will help to make the Christmas merry —

DOTTY. By being kind and loving, very, very, *very*. (*Music strikes up. SANTA puts baby on the floor in*

front at one of the sides, takes MRS. WILTON as partner; the children pair, REX with DAISY and HARRY with DOTTY, and dance around the stage.)

(Curtain.)

NOTE. — After the curtain, Santa may go down into the audience, and distribute boxes of candy or bonbons to the children. It would be a good way, to have Santa Claus, when he is distributing the presents to the children in the play, toss to some gentleman in the audience boxes of candy or bonbons. They may be kept until now, and he can now distribute them. Santa may stay around in his costume as entertainer-in-general as long as is desirable.

You will find the Piece you are looking for among 50 of the Choicest
Selections in the

No. 3

Reading Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

Sra Giacomo	Robert Buchanan.
Bob Cratchit's Christmas-Dinner	Dickens.
The First Snow-Fall	James Russell Lowell.
The Countess and the Serf	J. Sheridan Knowles.
Aurelia's Unfortunate Young Man	Mark Twain.
Losses	Francis Browne.
Mad Luce	All the Year Round.
The Solemn Book-Agent	Detroit Free Press.
What the Old Man said	Alice Robbins.
Bone and Sinew and Brain	John Boyle O'Reilly.
Pat and the Oysters	Spanish Gypsy.
Twilight	Alice Williams.
The Singer	
Speech of the Hon. Perverse Somebody on the Acquisition of Cuba	George H. Calvert.
Bunker Hill	Charles J. Sprague.
Two Births	
The Old Foggy Man	
Auction Mad	R. M. Streeeter.
The Wedding Fee	Charles F. Adams.
Schneider's Tomatoes	J. T. Trowbridge.
The Wolves	Oliver Wendell Holmes.
The Ballad of the Oysterman	
The Deck-Hand and the Mul-	Tom Hood.
A Lay of Real Life	Nora Perry.
Riding Down	George William Curtis.
The Minute-men of '75	Vicksburg Herald.
Uncle Reuben's Baptism	St. Nicholas.
How Persimmons took Cal ob der Baby	Horace Mann.
The Evils of Ignorance	Thomas Morton.
Scenes from the School of Reform	Henry Clay.
Ambition	Charles Sumner.
The Victories of Peace	
For Love	Earl Marble.
The Flower-Mission, junior	Hon. George B. Loring.
The Sons of New England	My Opinions and Betsey Brown.
The Jonesville Singin' Quire	Henry R. Hirst.
The Last Tilt	Henry Howard Brownell.
The Burial of the Dane	Story.
Appeal in Behalf of American Liberty	Edward Eggleston.
The Church of the Best Licks	
The Roman Soldier. Destruction of Her- culaneum	Atherstone.
Temperance	Wendell Phillips.
Roast Pig. A Bit of Lamb	Charles Lamb.
Similia Similibus	
Two Loves and a Life	William Somner.
The Recantation of Galileo	Francis E. Saleigh.
Mesquitos	K. K.
The Law of Kindness; or, The Old Wo- man's Railway Signal	Elihu Burritt.
Ode	George Sennott.
Mr. Stiver's Horse	The Danbury News.

If you are looking for Something New, you will find it among
50 of the Choicest Selections in the

No. 4 Reading Club and Handy Speaker

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

The Tramp	George M. Baker.
Joan of Arc	DeQuincey.
Decoration	T. W. Higginson.
Minot's Ledge	Fitzjames O'Brien.
Scene from "The Hunchback" Widder Green's Last Words	Sheridan Knowles.
The Cane-Bottomed Chair	Thackeray.
The House-Top Saint	Mrs. J. D. Chaplin.
Tom	Constance Fenimore Woolson.
The Song of the Dying	
My Neighbor's Baby	
"The Paper Don't Say" The Post-Boy	Mrs. C. J. Despard.
What is a Minority?	J. B. Gough.
Robert of Lincoln	Bryant.
Daddy Worthless	Lizzie W. Champney.
Zenobia's Defence	William Ware.
William Tell	
Mary Maloney's Philosophy	Philadelphia Bulletin.
Custer's Last Charge	Frederick Whittaker.
Mother's Fool	
The Little Black Eyed Rebel	Will Carleton.
"The Palace o' the King" Grandfather	William Mitchell.
"Business" in Mississippi	Theodore Parker.
The Indian's Claim	Chronicle, Augusta, Ga.
The Battle-Flag of Sigurd	Everett.
The Way Astors are Made	J. M. Bailey.
Mr. Watkins celebrates	Detroit Press.
The Palmetto and the Pine	Mrs. Virginia L. French.
Pip's Fight	Dickens.
Cuddle Doon	Alexander Anderson.
The Hot Roasted Chestnut	J. Ed. Milliken.
St. John the Aged	
The Bell of Atri	Longfellow.
Mr. O'Hoolahan's Mistake	
The Little Hero	
The Village Sewing-Society	
He Giveth His Beloved Sleep	
The Dignity of Labor	Rev. Newman Hall.
A Little Shoe	
"The Penny Ye Meant to Give" A Question	H. H.
The Cobbler's Secret	
The Lost Cats	
The Pride of Battery B	F. H. Gassaway.
Leedle Yawcob Strauss	Charles F. Adams.
Two Portraits	
Elder Sniffles' Courtship	
Goin' Somewhere	M. Quad.

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

Always Get the Best. 50 of the Choicest Selections in the

No. 1 Reading Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

The Red Jacket	George M. Baker.
Old Age	
Mahmoud	Leigh Hunt.
The Closet Scene from "Hamlet"	
How he saved St. Michael's	Aldine.
Samson	
The Story of the Bad Little Boy who didn't come to Grief.	Mark Twain.
Mr. Caudle and his Second Wife	Douglas Jerrold's Fireside Saints
Tauler	Whittier.
The Doorstep	E. C. Stedman.
Old Farmer Gray gets photographed	John H. Yates.
Mr. O'Gallagher's Three Roads to Learning	Capt. Marryat.
The Jester's Sermon	Walter Thornbury.
"The Boofer Lady"	Dickens's "Mutual Friend."
Defiance of Harold the Dauntless	Scott.
Battle Hymn	Körner.
The Story of the Faithful Soul	Adelaide Procter.
"Curfew must not ring To-Night"	Rosa Barwick Thorpe.
The Showman's Courtship	Artemus Ward.
How Terry saved his Bacon	
The Senator's Pledge	Charles Sumner.
Overthrow of Belshazzar	Barry Cornwall.
The Hour of Prayer	Mrs. Hemans.
The Squire's Story	John Phoenix.
The Happiest Couple	Sheridan.
Godiva	Tennyson.
Farmer Bent's Sheep-Washing	
The Deutsch Maud Muller	Carl Pritzel.
Charles Sumner	Carl Schurz.
The Bricklayers	G. H. Barnes.
A Stranger in the Pew	Harpur's Mag.
The Mistletoe-Bough	Bayley.
The Puzzled Census-Taker	J. G. Saxe.
The Voices at the Throne	J. Westwood.
Hans Breitmann's Party	Charles G. Leland.
Rob Roy MacGregor	Walter Scott.
Der Drummer	Charles F. Adams.
The Yankee and the Dutchman's Dog	
Popping the Question	
The Bumpkin's Courtship	
The Happy Life	Sir Henry Wotton.
At the Soldiers' Graves	Robert Collyer.
Nobody there	Anonymous.
The Factory-Girl's Diary	Morton.
In the Tunnel	
"Jones"	
The Whistler	
"Good and Better"	
Jakie on Watermelon Pickle	
The Old Methodist's Testimony	

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

LEE and SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

you will find one of your Favorites among 50 of the Choicest
Selections in the

No. 2 Reading Club and Handy Speaker

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

The Rescue	<i>John Brownjohn.</i>
The Pickwickians on Ice	<i>Dickens.</i>
A Picture	<i>Mrs. H. A. Bingham.</i>
Pope's Monument	<i>Elizabeth Kilham.</i>
The Two Anchors	<i>R. H. Stoddard.</i>
The Old Ways and the New	<i>John H. Yates.</i>
By the Alma River	<i>Miss Muloch.</i>
Frial Scene from "Merchant of Venice"	<i>Shakspeare.</i>
The Sisters	<i>John G. Whittier.</i>
Farm-Yard Song	
The Fortune-Hunter	<i>John G. Saxe.</i>
Curing a Cold	<i>Mark Twain.</i>
In the Bottom Drawer	
Two Irish Idyls	<i>Alfred Perceval Graves</i>
Over the River	<i>Priest.</i>
The Modest Cousin	<i>Sheridan Knowles.</i>
Biddy's Troubles	
The Man with a Cold in his Head	
Harry and I	
The Shadow on the Wall	
The Little Puzzler	<i>Sarah M. B. Platt.</i>
A Traveller's Evening Song	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>
Calling a Boy in the Morning	
Cooking and Courting	<i>Tom to Ned.</i>
A Tragical Tale of the Tropics	
The Paddock Elms	<i>B. F. Woolf</i>
The Bobolink	<i>Aldine.</i>
Toothache	
The Opening of the Piano	<i>Atlantic Monthly.</i>
Press On	<i>Park Benjamin</i>
The Beauty of Youth	<i>Theodore Parker.</i>
Queen Mab	<i>Romeo and Juliet.</i>
A Militia General	<i>Thomas Crowin.</i>
Address of Spottysuz	
Our Visitor, and what he came for	
"What's the Matter with that Nose?"	<i>Our Fat Contributor.</i>
Workers and Thinkers	<i>Ruskin.</i>
The Last Ride	<i>Nora Perry</i>
Baby Atlas	
Possession	<i>Owen Meredith.</i>
There is no Death	<i>Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.</i>
The Learned Negro	<i>Congregationalist.</i>
Fearer, my God, to Thee	<i>Sarah F. Adams.</i>
A Short Sermon	<i>Not by a Hard-Shell Ba</i>
Join' Home To-day	<i>W. M. Carlton.</i>
The Broken Pitcher	<i>Anonymous</i>
A Baby's Soliloquy	
The Double Sacrifice	<i>Arthur William Austin</i>
Jan lay Morning	<i>George A. Baker, jun.</i>
The Quaker Meeting	<i>Samuel Lover.</i>

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, or sent by mail on receipt of

L. E. & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston

You will find nothing but rare Gems in the *44 Choice Selections* in the

No. 7 Reading-Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents : paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

A Royal Princess	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>
A Reminiscence	<i>H. B. Hooker, D.D.</i>
The Last Hymn	<i>Marianne Farnham</i>
The Fool's Prayer	<i>Atlantic.</i>
The Dead Student	<i>Will Carleton.</i>
Greatest Walk on Record	
Drawing Water	<i>George Macdonald</i>
This Side and That	<i>Anonymous.</i>
Civil War	
A Modern Sermon	<i>Phæbe Cary.</i>
That Calf	<i>G. L. C.</i>
The New Dixie	
The National Game	<i>J. R. Eggleston</i>
Uncle Mellick Dines with his Master	
Maud's Misery	<i>Helen M. Gilbert</i>
San Benito	<i>C. C. Coffin.</i>
How Randa went over the River	<i>Mark Twain.</i>
The Ladies	<i>Harper's Weekly.</i>
Two Fishers	
Left Alone at Eighty	<i>S. Conant Foster.</i>
"Dashing Rod," Trooper	<i>Horace Mann.</i>
Orient Yourself	
Rhymes at Random	<i>Yacoub Strauss.</i>
The Carpenter's Wooing, and the Sequel	<i>Bulwer.</i>
A Humorous Dare-Devil	<i>Campbell.</i>
Hohenlinden	
St. Leon's Toast	<i>F. M. Finch.</i>
The Patriot Spy	<i>James Berry Bensei</i>
How Neighbor Wilkins got Religion	<i>Mark Twain.</i>
Jim Wolfe and the Cats	<i>William Winter.</i>
Pledge to the Dead	<i>Quiz.</i>
A London Bee Story	<i>Acta Columbiana.</i>
A College Widow	<i>J. C. Huntington.</i>
"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep"	<i>Elijah Kellogg.</i>
Hannibal at the Altar	<i>J. W. Bungay.</i>
Creeds of the Bells	
The Pomological Society	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>
Ave Maria	
The Singer's Alms	<i>School for Scandal.</i>
Family Portraits	
The Irish Boy and the Priest	
The Retort	
A Free Seat	
Paddle Your Own Canoe	
All's Well that Ends Well	<i>Anonymous.</i>
Jimmy Butler and the Owl	<i>Elizabeth Cumsage.</i>
A Modern Heroine	<i>G. H. Jessop.</i>
Down Hill with the Brakes Off	<i>G. L. C.</i>
On the Channel Boat	
The Pin	

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

You will find both Wit and Sentiment in the 50 Choice Selections in the

No. 8 Reading-Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.
Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

The Defence of Lucknow	<i>Tennyson.</i>
Paul Clifford's Defence	<i>Bulwer.</i>
The Outlaw's Yarn	<i>Michael Lynch.</i>
Labor is Worship	<i>Francis S. Osgood.</i>
The Legend of the White Hand	<i>Lucy Wade Herrick.</i>
Two Dreams	<i>H. H.</i>
People will Laugh	
"Christianos ad Leones!"	<i>Francis A. Durivage.</i>
Ballad of the Bell-Tower	<i>Margaret J. Preston.</i>
A Sermon for the Sisters	<i>Irwin Russell.</i>
Mrs. Brown at the Play	<i>Arthur Sketchley.</i>
Dutch Security	
From One Stand-point	<i>M. P. Butts.</i>
The Captive	<i>Henry Phillips, Jr.</i>
The Peril of the Mines	
Aunt Phillis's Guest	<i>Wm. C. Gannett.</i>
Annie's Ticket	
Along the Line	<i>Irwin Russell.</i>
The Divorce Feast	
The Indian Warrior's Defence	
The Farmer and the Barrister	<i>Horace Smith.</i>
Yankee Courtship	
London Zoological Gardens	
Apples — A Comedy	<i>Blackwood's Magazine.</i>
Old Grimes	<i>A. G. Green.</i>
Daisy's Faith	<i>Joanna H. Mathews.</i>
Father William	<i>R. Southey.</i>
Parody on "Father William"	<i>Adventures in Wondertand</i>
The Grave of the Greyhound	<i>Spencer.</i>
A New Version of the Parable of the Virgins	
Song of the Mystic	<i>Father Ryan.</i>
The Fast Mail	<i>John H. Yates.</i>
De 'Sperience ob de Reb'rend Quacko Strong	
The Patter of the Shingle	
The Girl of the Crisis	<i>Walter Smith.</i>
The Rich Man and the Poor Man	<i>Khemnitzer.</i>
A Colored Debating Society	
Shiftless Neighbor Ball	<i>Mrs. Annie Preston.</i>
Lanty Leary	<i>Samuel Lorer.</i>
The Baron's Last Banquet	<i>A. G. Green.</i>
The Last of the Sarpiuts	
The Dilemma	<i>O. W. Holmes.</i>
A Brick	
An Evangel	
A Thirsty Boy	<i>Burlington Hawkeye.</i>
Masked Batteries	<i>"Vanity Verses."</i>
The Story of the Tiles	<i>Golden Age.</i>
The City Man and Setting Hen	
Miss Edith's Modest Request	<i>Bret Harte.</i>
The Man with a Bear	

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

The Freshest, Brightest, and Best, are the 50 Choicest
Selections in the

No. 5 Reading Club and Handy Speaker

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

The Ballad of Ronald Clare	<i>Thomas S. Collier.</i>
The Scotchman at the Play	<i>"Mansie Wauch."</i>
The Dead Doll	<i>Margaret Vandegrift.</i>
A Charge with Prince Rupert	<i>T. W. Higginson.</i>
An Irish Wake	
The Honest Deacon	
Tact and Talent	<i>London Atlas.</i>
The Two Glasses	
Whistling in Heaven	<i>Harper's Magazine.</i>
Noble Revenge	
Dot Baby off Mine. (By permission) . .	<i>Charles Follen Adams.</i>
The Amateur Spelling-Match	<i>Earl Marble.</i>
Why Bidly and Pat got Married . . .	<i>R. H. Stoddard.</i>
Art-Matters in Indiana	
Miss Edith helps Things along	<i>Bret Harte.</i>
The Flood and the Ark	
Not Dead, but Risen	
Ballad of a Baker	
Five	
Uncle Remus' Revival Hymn	
A Mysterious Disappearance	<i>Charles Dickens</i> <i>Atlantic Papers</i>
An Indignation-Meeting	
Something Spilt	
From the Sublime to the Ridiculous .	
"'tis but a Step"	
Scene from "The Marble Heart" . . .	<i>Charles Selby.</i>
The Seven Ages	<i>Shakspeare.</i>
A Watch that "wanted cleaning." .	<i>J. T. Fields.</i>
(By permission)	
Tired Mothers	
Good-by	<i>Frank Forecroft.</i>
"One of the Boys"	
The Bridge	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i>
A Rhine Legend	<i>Curtis Guild.</i>
The Little Shoes did it	
Burdock's Goat	
Faithful Little Peter	
Blue and Gray	
Mollie, or Sadie?	
Butterwick's Weakness	
Between the Lines	
Somebody's Mother	
The Ballad of Constance	<i>William Winter.</i>
Failed	
The Canteen	<i>C. G. Halpine (Miss O'Reilly)</i>
A Blessing on the Dance	<i>Irwin Russell.</i>
An Exciting Contest	
The Last Redoubt	<i>Alfred Austin.</i>
"If We Knew"	
Scene from "London Assurance" . .	<i>Beucicault.</i>
The Kaiser's Feast	
Sideways	

The Best Yet. 50 Rare Selections.

No. 6 Reading Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

Count Eberhard's Last Foray	<i>Thos. S. Collier.</i>
Fammy's Prize	
Deaf and Dumb	<i>Anna F. Burnham.</i>
The Changed Cross	
Virginius to the Roman Army	<i>Elijah Kellogg.</i>
The Fountain of Youth	<i>Ezekiah Butterworth.</i>
They Met	
Clerical Wit	
Greeley's Ride	<i>Mark Twain.</i>
Der Shoemaker's Poy	
The Sergeant of the Fiftieth	
The Fan Drill	<i>Spectator.</i>
Warning to Woman	
The Cavalry Charge	<i>F. A. Durivage.</i>
Widow Stebbins on Homeopathy	<i>Charles F. Adams.</i>
The Fight at Lookout	<i>R. L. Cary, Jun.</i>
The Well-Digger	<i>John G. Saxe.</i>
Behind Time	<i>Freeman Hunt.</i>
A Miracle	<i>Charles H. Webber.</i>
Weaving the Web	
The Great Future	<i>George F. Hoar.</i>
A Christmas Carol	
"Them Yankee Blankits"	<i>Samuel W. Small.</i>
Jim Lane's Last Message	<i>Sherman D. Richardson.</i>
One Touch of Nature	
A Disturbance in Church	<i>Max Adler.</i>
The Palmer's Vision	<i>J. G. Holland.</i>
A "Sweetener Revenge"	
The Farmer's Story	<i>David Hill.</i>
Paddy O'Raffther	<i>Samuel Lover.</i>
The Fireman's Prayer	<i>Russell H. Conwell.</i>
Down with the Heathen Chinee!	<i>New-York Sun.</i>
John Chinaman's Protest	<i>M. F. D.</i>
The Sweet Singer of Michigan	
Ten Years After	<i>Kate Putnam Osgood.</i>
Putty and Varnish	<i>Josh Billings.</i>
Nationality	<i>Rufus Choate.</i>
Tacking Ship off Shore	<i>Walter Mitchell.</i>
Immortality	<i>Phillips Brooks.</i>
Mr. Coville Proves Mathematics	<i>J. M. Bailey.</i>
Blind Ned	<i>Irwin Russell.</i>
The Benediction	<i>François Coppee.</i>
"Conquered at Last"	<i>Maria L. Eve.</i>
The Ship-Boy's Letter	
An Irish Love-Letter	<i>George M. Baker.</i>
Reserved Power	
Talk about Shooting	
The King's Kiss	<i>Nora Perry.</i>
Joe's Bespeak	
A Disturbed Parent	

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers. Boston.

Acknowledged the Best. 50 of the Choicest Selections in the

No. 9

Reading-Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.
Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

The Spinning-wheel	B. F. Taylor.
The Hero-Woman	George Lippard.
The Song of the North	Lizzie Doten.
No Color Line in Heaven	
Gingerbread	San Francisco Argonaut.
A Night Watch	
The Loves of Lucinda	Mark Melville.
The Widow of Nain	N. P. Willis.
The Tomato	Charles F. Adams.
Lookout Mountain, 1863—Bentelsbach, 1880	Geo. L. Catlin.
The Little Girl's Song	Sydney Dobell.
"Papa says so, too"	Jennie T. Hazen Lewis.
The Poetry of Iron	Burlington Hawkeye.
Hannah	
An Old Man's Dreams	Eliza M. Sherman.
Dou Squixet's Ghost	Harry Bolingbroke.
The King's Bell	Eben E. Rexford.
The Tramp of Shiloh	Joaquin Miller.
Johnny on Snakes	
Antony to Cleopatra	Gen. Wm. H. Lytle.
Cleopatra Dying	Thom. S. Collier.
Cheek	Phillips Thompson.
The Right must Win	Frederic William Faber.
Make the Best of Everything	
The Dagger Scene from "The Wife"	J. Sheridan Knowles.
The Calif	Ida T. Thurston.
The Man wick didn't drink Wotter	
Mice at Play	Neil Forrest.
Jan Steener's Ride	John W. Chadwick.
Setting a Hen	
The Marked Grave	Lillie E. Barr.
A Very Naughty Little Girl's Views of Life	
The Dandy Fifth	Frank H. Cassaway.
The Holly Branch	"Brownie."
Antoinette	Francis A. Durivage.
Claribel's Prayer	Lynde Palmer.
The Marriage of Santa Claus	
A Similar Case	
Selling the Farm	Beth Day.
"He and She"	Edwin Arnold.
The Legend of the Organ-builder	Julia C. R. Dorr.
The One-Legged Goose	
The Owl Critic	James T. Fields.
Time	Robertson.
The Sleep	Mrs. E. B. Browning.
She would be a Mason	James C. Laughton.
The Legend of Saint Barbara	Mary A. P. Stansbury.
Reviving de Sinners	
Awfully Lovely Philosophy	
Life in Death	B. P. Skillaber.

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

Acknowledged the Best. 50 of the Choicest Selections in the

N^o 10

Reading-Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents ; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

The Story of a Stowaway	<i>Punch.</i>
A Purpose	
Building and Being	<i>From "Geraldine."</i>
The Round of Life	<i>Chambers' Journal.</i>
The Clown's Baby	<i>Margaret Vandegrift.</i>
Our Baby	
Sooner or Later	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford.</i>
Autumn Thoughts	<i>Bill Nye.</i>
The Cruise of the Monitor	<i>George M. Baker.</i>
No Yearning for the Beautiful	<i>Max Adeler.</i>
Ravenswood's Oath	<i>A. Wallace Thaxter.</i>
The Widow to her Son	<i>The Dublin Freeman.</i>
The Banker and the Cobbler	<i>Lafontaine.</i>
Rather Embarrassing	
Saving Mother	
The Sharp-shooter's Miss	<i>Frank H. Cassaway.</i>
Brudler Johnson on 'Lectricity'	
Union of Blue and Gray	<i>Poul H. Hayne.</i>
The Jackdaw of Rheims	<i>Barham.</i>
Death of the Old Wife	
Squire Houston's Marriage Ceremony	
The Baffled Book Agent	
Scene from Mary Stuart	<i>Schiller.</i>
A Christmas Elegy	
Conversion of Colonel Quagg	<i>George Augustus Sala.</i>
The Confession	<i>Lover.</i>
A Court Lady	<i>E. Barrett Browning.</i>
Tickled all Oafer	
A Penitent	<i>Margaret Eytinge.</i>
Nebuchadnezzah	<i>Erwin Russel.</i>
Death of Steerforth	<i>Dickens.</i>
The Serenade	
The "Ole Marster's" Christmas	<i>Atlanta Constitution.</i>
How the Colonel took it	<i>Walter Thornbury.</i>
Robert Emmett's Last Speech	
The Parting Lovers	<i>Mary E. Day.</i>
This Means You, Girls	<i>Peck's Sun.</i>
Ramon	<i>Bret Harte.</i>
The Vay Rube Hoffenstein Sells	
Wild Weather Outside	<i>Margaret E. Sangster.</i>
Young Grimes	<i>B. P. Skillaber.</i>
Autumn Leaves. A Comedietta	
Hark!	<i>Rose Terry Cooke.</i>
Intensely Utter	<i>Albany Chronicle.</i>
Charge of the Heavy Brigade	<i>Tennyson.</i>
The Chain of Gold	
Garfield	<i>J. G. Blaine.</i>
No Time like the Old Time	<i>Anonymous.</i>
Carcassonne	<i>Gustave Nadaud.</i>
The Mate of the Betsey Jane	<i>Anonymous.</i>

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

No. 11 Reading-Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

The Catastrophe of Lodore	<i>Robert Southey.</i>
A Glimpse of Death	<i>From A Tight Squeeze.</i>
Reflections on the Needle	<i>Cormac O'Leary.</i>
The Red O'Neil	<i>Thomas S. Collier.</i>
Virginny!	<i>S. N. Cook.</i>
Convent Robbing	<i>Robert Buchanan.</i>
For Life and Death	
Magnificent Poverty	<i>Victor Hugo.</i>
Othello	<i>Harper's Magazine.</i>
Washee, Washee	<i>Joaquin Miller.</i>
Last Upon the Roll	<i>Hugh M. McDermott.</i>
A Second Review of the Grand Army	<i>Bret Harte.</i>
Going Towards Sundown	<i>Hattie E. Buell.</i>
"Treadwater Jim"	<i>"Old Si," in Jacksonville Times</i>
Yawcob Strauss	<i>C. F. Adams.</i>
Leeille Yawcob Strauss—What He Says	<i>Arthur Dukin.</i>
The Closing Scene	<i>T. Buchanan Read.</i>
Drifted Out to Sea	<i>Rose Hartwick Thorpe.</i>
The Old Man Goes to Town	<i>J. G. Swinerton.</i>
Suckers on de Corn	
The Crutch in the Corner	<i>John McIntosh.</i>
The Bivouac of the Dead	<i>O'Hara.</i>
"Nearer Home"	<i>Phoebe Cary.</i>
The Snow Storm	<i>R. W. Emerson.</i>
The Unforgotten Foe	<i>Epes Sargent.</i>
The Charge at Valley Maloy	
The Countersign was "Mary"	<i>Margaret Eyttinge.</i>
Pat's Bondsman	<i>Lilian A. Moulton.</i>
What Saved the Union	<i>Gen. Grant.</i>
Wreck of the White Ship	<i>Charles Dickens.</i>
"Mobbe" Joe's True Feesh Story	
Big Ben Bolton	<i>Eugene J. Hall.</i>
The Child's Evening Prayer	<i>Mary A. Denison.</i>
Abraham Lincoln and the Poor Woman "Picciola"	
"Fall In"	<i>Mary Clemmer.</i>
Mysterious Rappings	<i>B. P. Shillaber.</i>
Kelly's Ferry	<i>Benjamin F. Taylor.</i>
Paddy's Metamorphosis	<i>Moore.</i>
Mr. Murphy Explains His Son's Conduct	
Variiegated Dogs	<i>Peck's Sun.</i>
No Precedent	
The Wonderful Tar-Baby Story	<i>Harris</i>
The Captain's Tale	<i>From A Summer in the Azores.</i>
Speculation	
A Clear Bargain	
Garibaldi and His Companions	<i>Thomas Russell.</i>
Pericles to the People	<i>Kellogg.</i>
Roland Gray	
The Silver Cup	

THE GLOBE DRAMA.

Price, 25 Cents each.

1. **COUPON BONDS.** A Drama in Four Acts. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Dramatised from the story of that name. Seven male, three female characters. Three scenes. Modern costumes. Easily produced.
2. **UNDER A VEIL.** A Comedietta in One Act. By SIR RANDALL ROBERTS, Bart. Two male, three female characters. Scene, interior. Double room. Time in representation, thirty minutes.
3. **CLASS DAY.** A Farce in One Act. By Dr. FRANCIS A. HARRIS. Four male, three female characters. Scene, interior. Played at Harvard with great success.
4. **BETTER THAN GOLD.** A Drama in Four Acts. By GEORGE M. BAKER. Five male, four female characters. One interior; same for the four acts.
5. **MRS. WALTHROP'S BACHELORS.** A Comedy in Three Acts. Translated and adapted from the German of Benedix. By GEORGE M. BAKER and WILLARD SMALL. "Our Bachelors" and "Mrs. Walthrop's Boarders" were translated from the same.)
6. **OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.** A Comedy in Four Acts. Dramatised from the novel by Charles Dickens. By HARRIET R. SHATTUCK. Four male, three female characters.
7. **REBECCA'S TRIUMPH.** A Drama in Three Acts. By GEORGE M. BAKER. (For female characters only.) Sixteen characters. Scenes are: Act 1, kitchen. Act 2, woods. Act 3, parlor. Written at the request of the "D.O.C. Cooking Club," of Chicago, who took "Among the Breakers" as a model.
8. **APPLES.** Comedy in One Act from Blackwood's Magazine. One male, two female characters.
9. **BABIE.** Comedy in Three Acts. Translated from the French of Emile de Najac and Alfred Hennquin, by F. E. CHASE. Six male, five female characters.
10. **A PERSONAL MATTER.** Comedy in One Act. By F. E. CHASE. Two male, and two female characters.
11. **COMRADES.** A Drama in Three Acts. By GEORGE M. BAKER. Four male, three female characters. Scene, interior. Costumes modern. Always successful.
12. **SNOW-BOUND.** A Musical and Dramatic Entertainment. By GEORGE M. BAKER. For three male and one female characters; requires some scenery, but can be easily produced. Introduces songs, recitations, and an original Burlesque, "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene." Time, two hours.
13. **BON-BONS.** A Musical and Dramatic Entertainment. By GEORGE M. BAKER. For four performers: three male, one female. Requires little scenery; introduces songs, recitations, and an original Burlesque, "The Paint King." Time in representation, two hours.
14. **PAST REDEMPTION.** A New Temperance Drama in Four Acts. By GEORGE M. BAKER. Nine male, and four female characters, and supernumeraries. Scenery: three interiors, one exterior.
15. **NEVADA; or, The Lost Mine.** Drama, in Three Acts. By GEORGE M. BAKER. Eight male, three female characters. Scenery, exterior and interior of a Miner's Cabin in Nevada. Time, about two hours.
16. **POISON.** A Farce, as acted by the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard College with great success. Four male, three female characters. Time, thirty minutes.
17. **THE COOL COLLEGIANS.** Comedy in Two Acts, by Miles Medie; three male and four female characters.

GEORGE M. BAKER, 47 Franklin Street.

